

Good Morning 762

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Escort ready for Cook Richard Couchman

YOU must hope for an Indian summer this year, L./Cook Avenue, and escort you to Number 178a. Richard Couchman, because Pamela is very much hoping for a trip to the Kent coast with you and her mother. Your parents at Faversham will be very glad to see you again when you make this visit. Meanwhile, your little daughter fills in the time of waiting for your return by playing with her toys all day.

Her pram is still the favourite, and she keeps it packed to capacity with all her treasures. It may be that the doll you are bringing her will take its place among them, but Susan still retains a very secure position in Pamela's affections.

When we called, she was finding her new bicycle extremely interesting, and, somewhat to your wife's dismay, she succeeded in making her shoes dirty with the oily mechanism.

She is a very fastidious little girl, and as a result she insisted on changing her shoes to have her photograph taken for you.

You will notice the new kitten who is Pamela's latest friend. His name is Blackie, and, although he may seem a little shy of the camera, he dodges among the flowers and bushes, chased by your little girl, with the greatest alacrity.

One of the games that necessitates your joining in, is skipping. Pamela is very keen on this, but obviously her most fervent wish is to have you back home for good again. All the time she interrupts whatever she happens to be doing to say, "Daddy's coming home."

She has plans all ready, and when you come home from work she is going to meet you each even-

ing at the corner of Braemar Avenue, and escort you to Number 178a.

Your wife, of course, has no need to tell you how much she is looking forward to your return. She says the "Spotted Dog" will be one of the first visits you must make together, with Chesham Street a good second, and then, perhaps a trip to the West End.

You can see that between them, your wife and Pamela have well planned the first few days of your homecoming, but that shouldn't worry you, Richard.

In the meantime, all the very best wishes possible come to you from Neasden and Faversham, from all the folk who are so anxious to see you again.

Take Your Hat Off in Trafalgar Square

STUART MARTIN pleads for an illustrious forbear, Charles Stuart

THEY are going to reinstate the mounted statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square, now there is no more danger of Nazi bombs. You remember the imposing figure of the little man, sitting astride his horse, his face set towards Whitehall—purposely set that way, for it was in Whitehall that he met his end at the hands of an executioner.

Through one of the windows of his banqueting hall (now the United Services building) did Charles I step that day of January 31st, 1649. And to-day the White Rose Society, and other organisations, annually lay a wreath at the base of the statue. The Martyr King!

THUS there are people to-day who claim that George Windsor VI should not be on the throne of Britain. I do not wish to argue that point at all. My own family claim to be descended from the Martyr, and I still spell my Christian name the Royal way; but this I do say: the indecent haste and muddle of his trial are typical of some laws.

Perhaps it is just British tolerance that permits adherents to a cause to show their loyalty to Charles Stuart, while, by all the rules, the act of doing so should be regarded as treason to the present ruler. We have an easy way with "cranks" in this country. We let them say their pieces and bid them go away; people tire of hearing of wrongs.

It is an ancient axiom in law that an act (such as revolution, or the murder of a king) can be lawful only if subsequent events confirm the authority of the act. We saw this rule operating when Franco was "recognised" by certain Powers as being no longer a rebel, but the ruler of Spain. Events, however, may complete the circle, and we are then back at starting point.

It is because they are going to bring the statue of Charles back to Trafalgar Square in the near future that I am now reaching into history to tell of that grave event of his death. Those were days of Cromwell and revolution. What was the charge against this Stuart? Let me explain briefly.

There had been battles and victories for both sides, but the Royalists were snuffed out, and in November, 1648, the Council of Officers adopted what was called The Remonstrance of the Army. It demanded the trial and execution of the King. The trial and execution, mark you.

On December 1st, 1648, they took him to Hurst Castle, so that nobody could approach him. On January 2nd, following, the Commons passed an Ordinance creating a Court of Trial. The Ordinance said that it was treason in the King to levy war against Parliament and the kingdom. Three judges were to sit with a jury of one hundred and fifty commissioners (twenty to form a quorum); but the Lords could

not stomach this and they threw the Ordinance out.

The Commons tried again. They claimed supreme power, and said their enactments were law without the assent of King or Lords. They created another Court, with 150 Commissioners to act as judge and jury.

When the legality of this was challenged by many people, it was Cromwell who rose up and cried, "I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown on it." (Nowadays we provide William Joyce, a much humbler man charged with treason, with barristers for his defence! Was Cromwell guilty of contempt of court, or not?)

The Commissioners met, Cromwell among them, and there were only fifty-two of them. Some had refused to attend. The trial was appointed for January 20th, and the Commissioners gravely discussed what was to be done if the King "showed contempt." They decided to admonish him if so, and they would not insist on him wearing his hat!

On Saturday, 20th January, the first public session was held in Westminster Hall. Charles was brought in by his jailor, Colonel Tomlinson, and there was a guard of thirty-two. The King was conducted to a velvet chair placed opposite the President, John Bradshaw.

By the way, the Stuart upholders to-day have a piece of that crimson velvet as a relic.

The indictment was read by the Solicitor-General (Cook) and charged the King with waging war against Parliament and the people "whereby much innocent blood hath been spilt." It concluded by denouncing "the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and implacable enemy to the Commonwealth of England."

When Cook came to the words "tyrant, traitor and murderer" the King smiled. He sat fingering his cane—and the head of the cane fell off. This was regarded as an omen.

They demanded that he plead. The King was aware of the trap. If he pleaded he admitted the authority of the Court, so he raised the point right away. He pointed out that he had been in negotiation with the Lords and the Commons, but had been removed.

"By what authority, and why?" he asked. "Remember I am your King, your lawful King, and beware lest you bring sin upon your own heads and the judgment of God on this land. Think well of it, I say, before you go from one sin to greater. Let me know by what authority I am seated here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent, and I will not betray it to answer a new unlawful authority."

To think this one out the Court adjourned, and as the King was taken away, some of the people cried, "God save the King."

But the Court, after sitting in private, decided that Charles should not be allowed to raise the question of jurisdiction, but should plead only to the charge. Bradshaw was asked to make him either confess or deny the charge. If the King refused, the charge was to be taken as admitted!

When faced with this surprising decision, the King answered that if the matter affected him alone he would have been content with his protest; but it was not only his personal case at issue.

"If power without laws," he said, "may make laws and may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life or anything he calls his own."

Here President Bradshaw broke in to prevent these inconvenient arguments being met. He called on the King to submit and to answer. But Charles tried again and again. He argued that any delinquent was entitled to object that the proceedings against him were illegal. His attempts were stopped.

The trial dragged on several days more. The King was told that he must not speak freely until he had pleaded. The Clerk more than once read the formal demand for him to plead. He refused.

At last, on the 27th, he was told that if he did not plead the sentence would be read, and after that he would not be allowed to speak. They would not allow him to be heard by the Lords and the Commons, to which he answered, "If I cannot get this liberty, I do protest that our fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your King."

And that was the truth of the matter. They did not want to hear him. And so the sentence was read and ended with these words: "That the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer and public enemy, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body."

He tried to speak even then, but he was hustled away.

And then, on January 31st, they led him through that window in Whitehall on to the scaffold, where the executioner was waiting, and the crowds blocked the streets, and soldiers were present to see that he was killed and his bloody head raised on high.

I mentioned earlier the axiom of the law about acts being made lawful by subsequent events. Now watch. For a period the country was a Protectorate, unruly by any King. And then the Regicides were caught in their own net. They too were tried. What defence did they make.

Cook, the Solicitor-General, argued that he had acted only as counsel under the then

supreme power; that he had not signed the sentence; that counsel could not be taken as personally holding the views they expressed at Court; and that what he did for a fee, and therefore acted without malice (and for this he was called Judas); and that the trial and sentence of Charles had "become lawful by event."

The others raised similar points; but they all forgot something, and that was that in the indictment of Charles I he was named as King, the actual King. Moreover, the rule of King, Lords and Commons still stood. It had never been abolished. There had not been any repeal of the undoubted law (still in force to-day) that the King cannot be held criminally responsible for any act he may commit.

There were other points that made this historic trial an outrage. Lest you think I am too positive about this let me give you the verdict of Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of Eng-



"Gorblimey! Just demobbed! and 'e blows that ruddy thing at six in the morning!"

land from 1919 to 1922. His authority was never questioned on this, and his verdict of the trial of Charles I is as follows:

"If the problem be approached from the standpoint of the law as it stood in 1642, when the King raised his standard, or as it stood in 1660 and has remained ever since, there can be no possible doubt that the trial was wholly unwarranted."

It was the men who tried Charles who really committed treason. The Restoration showed that "subsequent events" convicted them.

Anyhow, Charles Stuart, at his trial and death, proved he was a greater and braver man than his enemies. Take a look at the statue in Trafalgar Square when it is restored, even if you don't take your hat off to him.

A "Bullet" got the Magpies Back

WHEN the Arsenal and Newcastle United teams strode on to the beautifully-prepared Wembley pitch for the 1932 F.A. Cup Final few of the 90,000 present thought that they were going to witness one of the most discussed goals of all time—a goal that was going to mean the return of the F.A. Cup to Newcastle after a lapse of eight years.

Arsenal were rather worried because of injuries. Alex James could not play. Bastin moved to inside-left, Bob John moved to the left wing from left-half.

A young "unknown," Geo. Male by name, made his first appearance in a cup match!

After twelve minutes Arsenal went ahead after Joe Hulme, racing down the right wing, sent over a square centre, and Bob John, racing past Jimmy

Nelson, breasted the ball past McInroy in the Newcastle goal.

The Londoners were jubilant, but Newcastle came back with determination, and after thirty-five minutes came an incident which neither club will ever forget.

Sam Weaver, the Newcastle left-half, took the ball from Hulme and sent the ball into a vacant spot between Eddie Hapgood, Arsenal's left-back, and Jimmy Boyde, the Newcastle outside-right.

Hapgood was on the ball first and sent a first-time shot up-field in the direction of his centre-forward, the late Jack Lambert.

That big-hearted worker got the ball under control and was shouldered off by Davidson, who sent it down the right wing. Richardson, the inside-right, chased after the ball. It

appeared to be a losing race, but with a terrific lunge he managed to contact the ball as it reached the goal-line, and it swung into the centre of the penalty area.

Centre-forward Jack Allen, rushing up, hit the ball on the volley, and it flew past the Arsenal goalkeeper with the speed of a bullet.

All the time the Arsenal defenders were appealing for a "behind the line" decision, but the referee, on the spot, ruled that it was a legitimate goal, although a movie film taken at the time showed clearly that the ball was over the line.

Newcastle came back strongly, and with only ten minutes left for play Jack Allen again got in one of his rasping first-time shots, which screwed off the post into the net.

JOHN ALLEN.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Quick Clean Up

It is not very frequent that thinking," asked Jack, "is pro- time, and run him straight out to our cottage." me and my old china Jock fessed by this professor?"

Thomas embark on expeditions "Numismatics."

Jock explained the word to me by train, open up the cottage and get supplies in.

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Consequently I trudged into prompted. "Worth a couple of thousand," replied the other, finishing his glass. "So-long. His nibs has a heavy date to-night out at Long-oaks. I've to hire a car for them and then pop out by train to make some arrangements."

The only customer there was a bowler-hatted bozo with check trousers.

"Hi-ya, chap," said Jock. Within a minute or two he had made himself sociable, and we gathered the bozo was a kind of personal bloke to a professor. "And which branch of deep

years, and they'll be short-sighted, anyway. If that doesn't work out we'll be satisfied with lifting any rare specimens he's taking along with him—"

Arguing with Jock is like pouring water over a camel's back, so I agreed to do my part and he pushed off to the station.

At six I cruised gently along to the address Jock had noted. A couple of gents came from the residence—I recognised the Professor, and he had a young fellow carrying his bag.

There were some farewell words and the door slammed. Forty minutes later our wheels ploughed the dust outside Honey-suckle Cottage. Jock was waiting.

"Good work, Walleye! Got his nibs inside? He'll give no trouble—"

"No trouble at all—provided you don't!" came a full-blooded bellow from behind.

Jock swung round, and I clambered hastily from the driving-seat.

The passenger had hopped nimbly out, and stood, with a grin of relish on his healthy young

deuce-and-ace, surveying us as a kidnap a potential champ by hungry gorilla might survey a mistake.

He collared our two beds,

"A m-mistake," Jock croaked. "Ain't you the old professor?"

I gasped, "of pneumatics?"

"Numismatics, yes. Professor, yes. But not old. Perhaps you mean my grandfather, the professor of entomology—not to be confused, by the way, with my father, the well-known professor of toxicology, or with—"

"Hey, give us time—"

"Time," said the professor. "That reminds me. I have a date at Longoaks—where are we now?"

Jock had been checking up the petrol.

"You're at Honeysuckle Cottage," he stated, bitterly, "where you're spending the night, for there ain't enough juice to get us to the next milestone, and no way of getting more. You'll have to skip your international conference—"

The young professor stared and laughed.

"For a couple of London crooks your intelligence work is poor. Gran'dad's conference is in town. My date at Longoaks was to fight in an amateur boxing championship. No use worrying over that now. What's for dinner?"

Under the spell of his quick eye and ready fist me and my old china tottered into the cottage and found ourselves waiting on our unwanted visitor hand and foot.

He knocked back all three suppers and asked for more.

"There's only the three breakfasts," sighed Jock.

"Trot 'em out. And all your cigarettes. I've finished with training. My fiancée has always disapproved of my prize-fighting hobby, but that trainer-manager of mine talked me round. Missing this bout decides the matter. I'll take it as an omen."

If you suppose, pals, that me and Jock might have stood up for ourselves, just wait till you kidnap a potential champ by

He collared our two beds,

for comfort, while we dozed on the kitchen floor.

In the morning, besides the breakfast shopping, I had to send two wires for him.

One was to his fiancée asking her to call for him in her car; the other was to the trainer we had taken for a valet—sacking him.

The young professor got up for lunch and his fiancée arrived for tea.

"Look, darling," he said, "these two—er—gentlemen are anxious to let us this cottage for a month, free of charge, for our honey-moon. That's right, isn't it?"

Jock gulped, "Y-yes."

"It needs, of course," he continued, "complete spring-cleaning, painting and decoration." He turned to us. "My fiancée, who's a professor of domestic science—"

"Wow! Another!"

"Will give you detailed instructions before she leaves this evening. I'll be staying on—to superintend."

That was five days ago. This afternoon me and my old china staggered into Bert's Snack Bar, with blisters on our hands the size of poached eggs and our backs feeling like sheets of corrugated iron.

"Two coffees, Bert." And I tossed a coin on the counter.

Bert looked at it. "What's the game, Walleye? This here's a snack bar, not a museum."

Evidently I had rustled a William the Conqueror groat or something instead of a half-crown from the young prof's pocket that morning just before he threw us out of our own cottage.

This, I felt, was the end. But it wasn't.

Jock's temper was fraying.

"Not a museum?" he jeered. "Then what about these mummified and prehistoric hot-dogs—"

Bert beckoned to a bloke in the corner.

"Want to earn a bob, brother? Yes? Then throw these dead-heads into the street—and throw 'em hard!"

And that, pals, is why we are now sitting up in Jock's room nursing our bruised susceptibilities while Jock plays melancholy tunes on his mouth-organ and I narrate this story.

Not being a professor, I am not good at literary adornments, but at least it is a gentlemanly occupation and helps to pass the time away.

THE END.

QUIZ for today

1. What is the longest railway bridge (over water) in the world?
2. About what is the fastest time for a 100 yards sprint?
3. What value stamp has to be appended to a birth certificate?
4. To about what age do queen ants live?

5. How many degrees are there in a quadrant?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—W. Shakespeare, W. Scott, W. Hazlitt, W. Blake, W. Thackeray.

Answers to Quiz in No. 761

1. Shakespeare.
2. Nothing.
3. Barley.
4. Conchologist.
5. 89.
6. Black is not a colour, it is the negation of all colours; others are colours.

KIPPER POST

SOME bright lad has suggested that Londoners would get fresher fish if consignments were sent to the capital by airplane instead of by train from the more distant centres of the deep-sea fishing industry.

He sees no reason why seaplanes should not carry loads of lovely fresh herrings from, say, Stornoway in the Hebrides, to the Thames in between eight and twelve hours, and land on the river opposite Billingsgate. It usually takes several days for a cargo to arrive by rail.

This is all to the good, if it can be arranged. There won't be any shortage of aircraft, and the only other snag—cost of transport—is not a big one.

It is reckoned that the fish would cost not more than a penny a pound extra to the housewife.

Even if it is found impossible to land the fish slap on the Thames, aircraft could alight on airfields round London and the fish could be brought to market in almost as quick time.

Kippers, of course, don't rely on their popularity because of freshness. They are well smoked.

But that wouldn't stop people referring to the new delivery, if it came, as "The Kipper Post."

With experience gathered during the war years it should be almost as easy for fish from Iceland to be flown to market in the same way. And, for that matter, why not tunny fish from Florida? But maybe the price would be high on fish making the Atlantic crossing by air.

—D. N. K. B.

ALEX CRACK

They were arguing as to whether men liked shopping or not.

"They haven't the patience to go from one store to another looking for bargains," Mrs. Smith explained.

"And they can't tell a bargain when they do see one," put in Mrs. Jones.

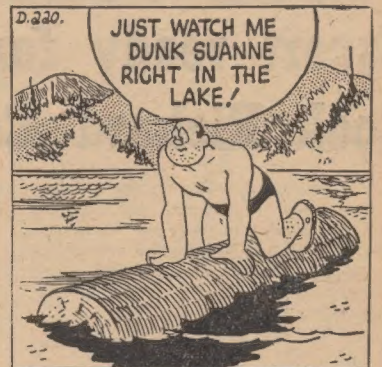
"That's why we have to do four-fifths of the shopping," said a third.

From store to store they tramped, until they began to discover that their own shopping expedition was not going as well as they expected.

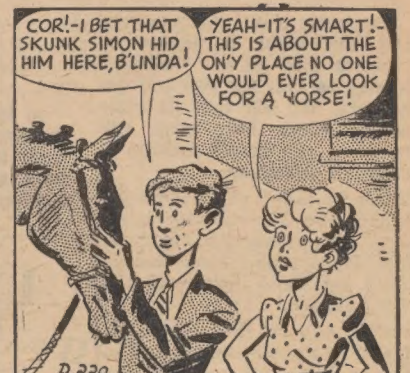
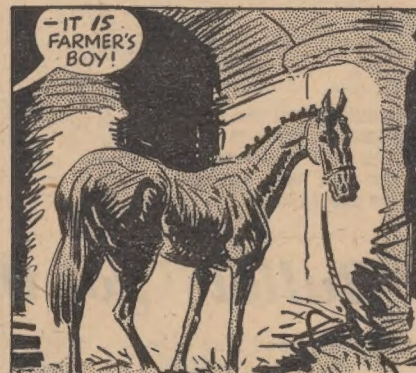
"Of course, I admit it's fearfully hard to find what you want when you are shopping," said Mrs. Smith wearily.

"Very," responded the tired-out Mrs. Jones, "especially so when you don't know what it is you do want."

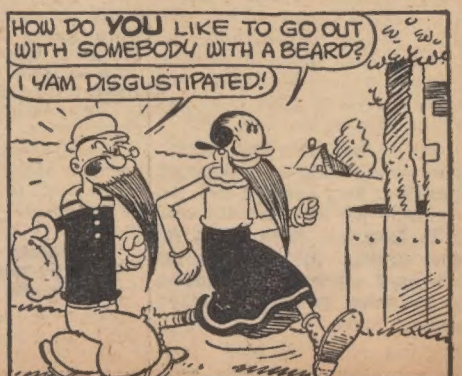
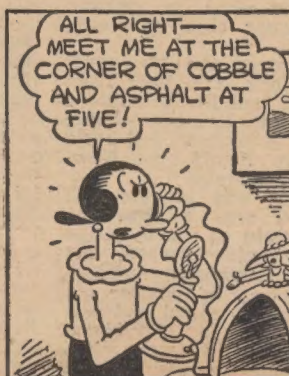
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 700

1. Behead a grip and get a carpenter's tool.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: omappedhedoleouofhispie.
3. What word meaning "natural" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: She stroked the — of her hair with her —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 699

1. S-train.
2. Arthur arranged to drive the car round.
3. HEATH.
4. Fist, fits.

JANE

THEY MUSSED UP THE MILE BY FOOTSTEPS

If you asked knowledgeable people what is the actual length of a mile, they would probably answer that it is 1760 yards. That is the statute mile, otherwise eight furlongs, or 320 poles. It is a common saying that "a miss is as good as a mile"; but it wasn't always so.

We may look on the yard as relatively stable and subject to no change. It is different with the mile.

About the time that the "miss is as good as a mile" saying arose the mile was not what we know it to-day. One of the earliest detailed maps is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The date of the map is about 1300 A.D., and the scale is about 17½ miles to the inch.

According to this old map the distance between Coventry and Leicester was 16 miles. To-day it is 23.

The distance between Reading and Oxford is shown as 20 miles. We know that it is now 28.

There isn't a distance given in that old map which coincides with our distances to-day.

At one time, somewhat later, the English mile was changed again and became the Italian mile. Measurements on various maps were all different. Then the French mile was adopted, and the French foot was 13.22 inches.

It will interest seamen to know that the old measurements were often based on the relation of six feet equaling one fathom; ten fathoms equaling one chain; ten chains equaling one furlong; and ten furlongs equaling one mile.

In the sixteenth century maps there are short miles, mean miles and long miles. From about 1544 to nearly 1700 A.D. the customary mile in England was about 1.30 statute miles.

In the year 1544 there was

published "A Cronycle of Yeres, from the begynnyng of the worlde wherein ye shall find the names of all the kynges of Englande, and also the wayes to most notable places."

Says H. Sinclair

Matters became so confused that Queen Elizabeth passed a law to the effect that the statute mile of England should be 1760 yards. But even that law did not stop the confusion.

There are Welsh miles, Cheshire miles, Scottish miles, all different in length. Holinshed's Chronicle of 1577 states that the mile was measured by the number of paces taken. "The old English mile," he said, "included 1500 paces."

Another authority (Seeböhm) laid it down that the pace was "the double step of either 58 or 59 inches," but that brought the old English mile up to eleven furlongs.

And if the pace was reckoned as a double step of 60 inches (as it was in Wales) that made the English mile well over eleven furlongs.

But Seeböhm worked out his calculations carefully. He found that in the neighbourhood of London the miles were smaller than anywhere else.

All this mix-up was ultimately cleared away by the adoption of the statute mile, but there are still places in Britain—in Devon and in Scotland—where the statute mile is not relied upon and where if you "walk a mile" you are really walking considerably more.

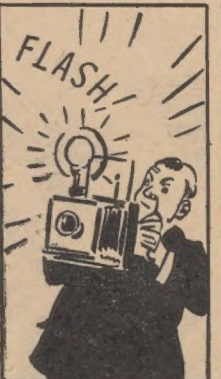
Perhaps this is the explanation of those local instructions that "it's just a mile to so and so," and you're sure it is much more than that.



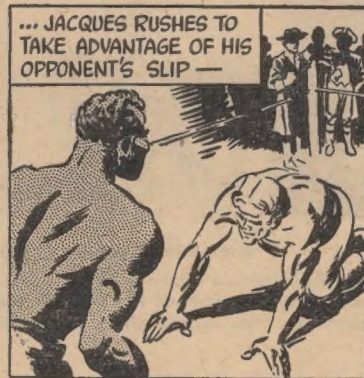
"It isn't the ice that makes people slip—it's the stuff they put the ice in."



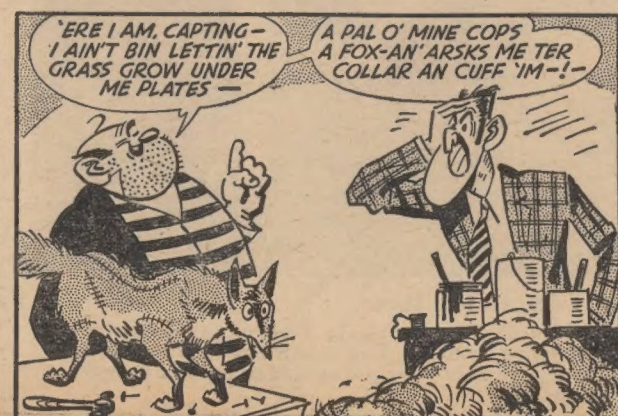
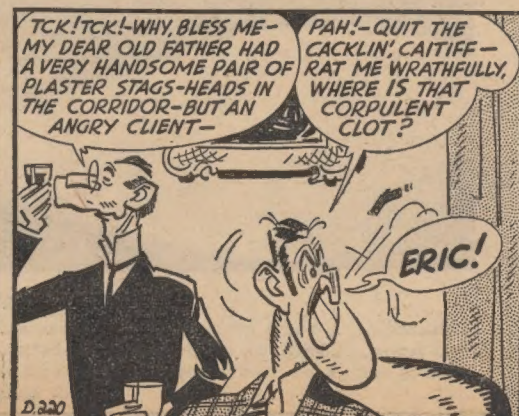
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

EVEN in these days, a greengrocer who delivers to customers at midnight is an unusual person. But Miss Lake, of Tonbridge, Kent, is an unusual woman.

With her brother, she works a 34 acres farm all day, feeds 200 chickens, and then gets down to her vegetable round as the evening shadows gather.

With a long list of customers to supply, it often happens that she is handing out the cabbages and spuds beneath the light of the midnight moon.

A member of the Tonbridge Food Committee suggested that the night-time round disturbs the district, but Miss Lake replied that she has yet to receive any complaint from customers.

YOU will not have heard of Canon James, but no doubt the name of Admiral Sir William Milborne James, G.C.B., is known to you. They are one and the same person.

Without ploughing through reference books, I am prepared to bet that Sir William is the only Admiral to hold the office of lay canon of a cathedral.

It has been bestowed upon him in recognition of the great services he rendered to Portsmouth, where he was C.-in.-C. in the early days of the war, and especially to Portsmouth Cathedral, which he helped to save from destruction during the heavy raids on the city.

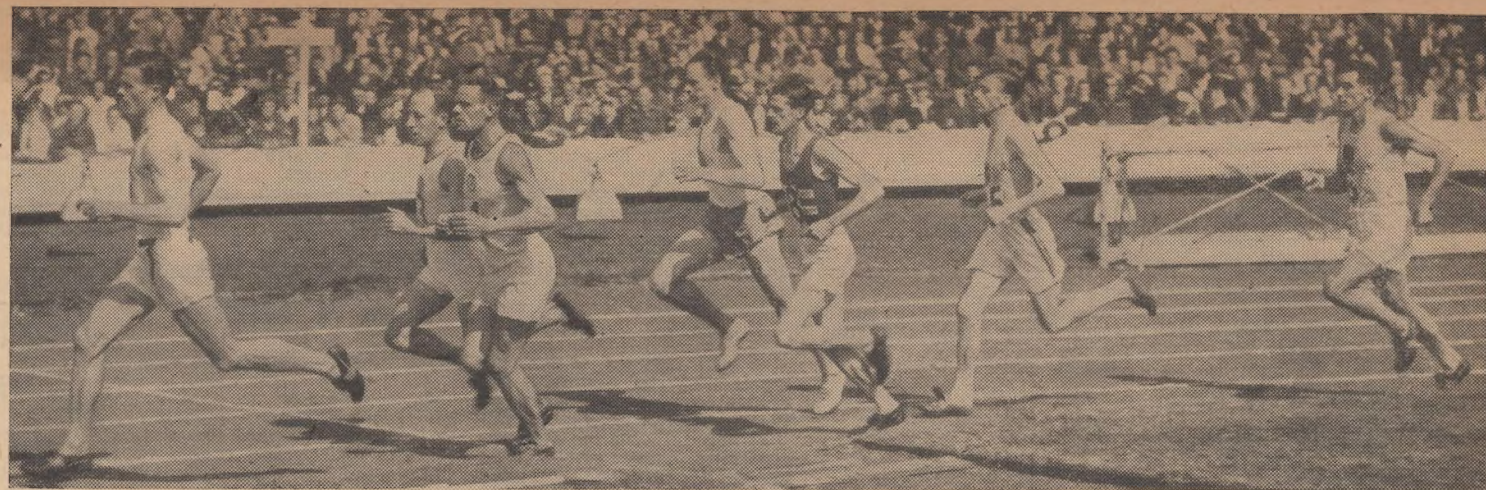
CROSS-WORD CORNER

TRUSS	GRIDS
OUTCOME	NIP
PETAL	MIDGE
I ENDS	CURE
CAR	IMPOSED
G LEARN'S	
DIVERSE	ASP
ETON	HERD A
FAITH	NAOMI
ETC	OVERRAN
REEKY	DENTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12				
13				14			
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	26	27		28			
29			30		31	32	
33		34		35			
36				37			
	38				39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bird, 4 Rage, 9 Noun, 11 Bed, 13 Ethical, 14 Call, 15 Salad plant, 17 Shine, 18 Spring locks, 20 Pronoun, 23 Ridicule, 24 Brief boy, 26 In the future (two words), 29 E, Indies island, 30 Hard coating, 33 Factor, 35 Satire, 36 Be absorbed, 37 Freshness, 38 Meaning, 39 Pile.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Soon, 3 Measure, 4 Cloth edge, 5 Scottish cry, 6 Irregular, 7 Fish, 8 Demonstrate, 10 Post, 12 Shut, 13 Note, 16 Musical piece, 19 Chemical compound, 21 Treatment, 22 Pirates, 25 Properly, 27 Dog allment, 28 Norfolk river, 29 Window side, 31 Cut, 32 Forces' entertainers, 34 Number.



PEACE TIME BANK HOLIDAY SPORT.

August Bank Holiday was the greatest single day of sport in Britain since 1939. Our pictures show :

(Above) Doug Wilson leading the field in the Two-Mile race at the White City. The race was won by Gundar Haegg (seen fourth from left).

(Left) Gundar Haegg breasting the tape at the finish of his record-breaking two miles. He set up a new British record for the distance.

(Right) Sidney Wooderson with Arne Andersson after their mile race, with the cups they won.

(Extreme Right) Part of the huge crowd that watched the England v. Australia Test match at Lords.



FOUR FOR THE HIGH JUMP.

These four girls throw themselves backwards into the pool. Two of them (for some reason which escapes us) think it's a laughing matter. The other two assume the sort of expression that would settle on our face if we ever were persuaded to try this desperate experiment.



BOOKING OFFICE BAR.

The tiny railway halt of Ferrington Gurney, a village near Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, has a booking office in the wall of the village pub. The publican's wife draws the pints and punches the tickets, too. Altogether, the happiest booking office in the country.



MUSSO STICKS HIS NECK OUT.

Mussolini, a huge white swan, has caused trouble among the local swans at Bradford on Avon, in Wiltshire. He arrived on the quiet river where a party of swans had lived at peace for years, and immediately tried to set up a dictatorship. Here you see the big bully chasing a native.